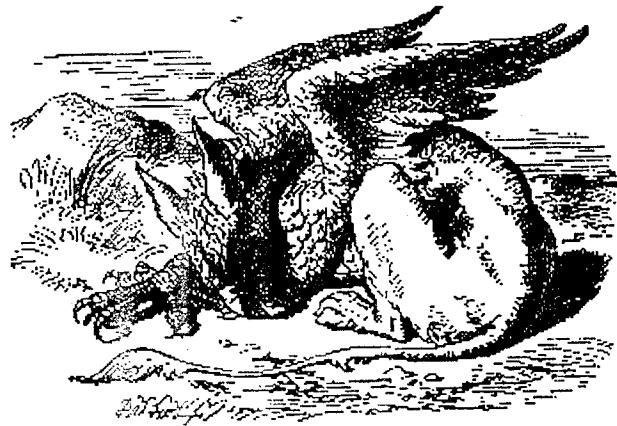


Sleeping Army



Zine Press

ZINELIBRARY.NET

Vanessa Hays

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tell me what you think:-)

Overnight Shift

Vol #1; iss #3



my 21st birthday, after the Cursive concert +
hippy facepainting.

lemon 9 am
27 August - 28 August
2005

Welcome

My name is Vanessa and I work in a battered women's shelter. Every other week, I work an overnight shift (hence the name of this zine) from 10pm until 9am. That's 15 hours that I basically have to do whatever and get paid. Things are usually pretty quiet here on the weekends. So, every two weeks, I sit down for a few hours and put together some random thoughts and images that have collected in my head for the last couple weeks. If you're into this kinda stuff, I recommend the zine "Doris" which has recently been collected into a book by Microcosm publishing.

OS is a bimonthly one-shot. Let me know if you want to be on my mailing list.

(1)

really productive to place & came, I guess, but I don't know how to correct this situation. I don't know how to take care of myself and be good to other people and do the right thing all at the same time. I let people take advantage of me. I trust people. I expect people to be good to me.

Sometimes, I get fucked over. Sometimes I fuck people over. And still I keep reaching out to the people I love - I keep handing out my heart, opening the gates to my soul, emptying out my secrets. I keep loving. I wish I could stop. I wish I didn't need anyone and could do it all alone and didn't desire companionship or comfort or love or sex.

I am a rock... I am an island.

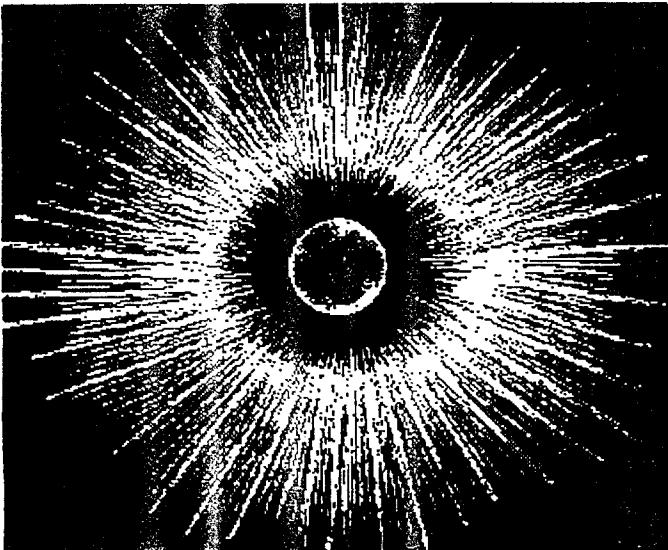
What Now?

⑥

We're all Fucked Up.

(10)

I let people I love treat me like shit.
I mean, it's a lot easier to treat someone
you love like shit and it's a lot easier to
let someone you love treat you like
shit. I don't allow people that I'm not
close to to get away with nearly as
much shit as I let cute trannyboys
that I have crushes on get away with.
It took someone new to my life to look



at a situation and tell me "that's kind
of fucked up. You deserve better than
that". Of course, it was someone else
that I have a crush on, so does that
make it invalid? So, sometimes people
I love treat me like shit, but I let
them so whose fault is it? It's not

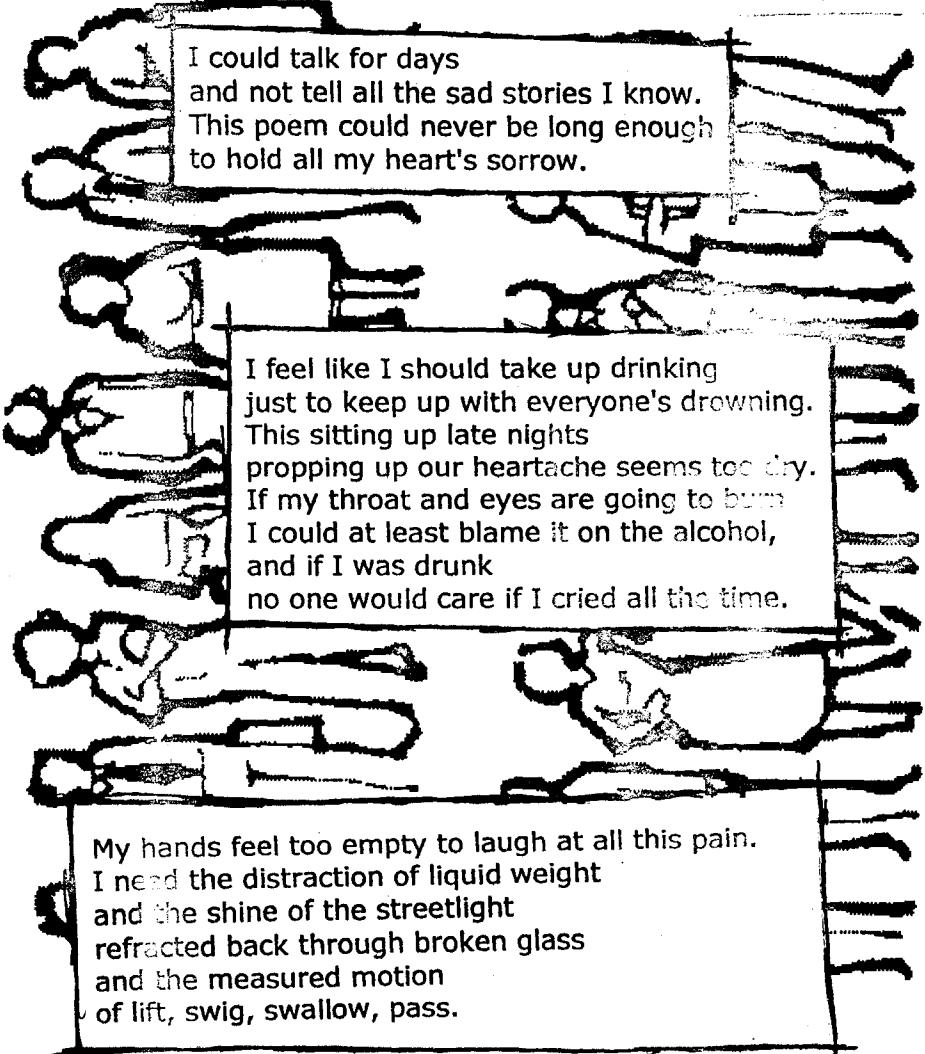
①

In the last two weeks, I have...

- gone grocery shopping for the first time in months.
- experienced huge amounts of drama.
- lost my last quasi-acceptable late night hangout.
- wrote a poem.
- daydreamed a lot.
- reallized some pretty disturbing stuff about myself.
- lost my patience.
- gave a really good backrub.

②

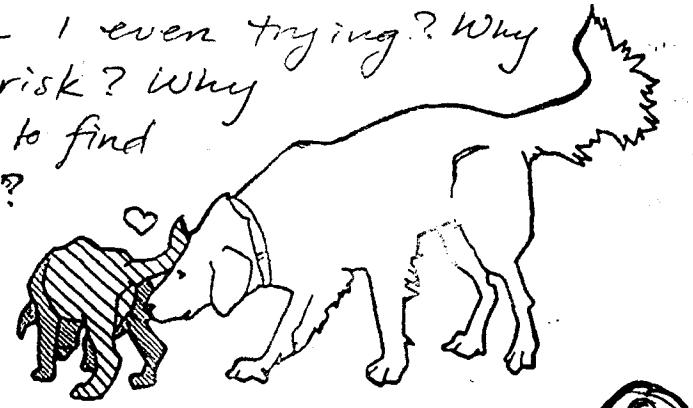
THE SADDEST KIDS YOU'VE EVER SEEN.



3

problems; out the window. All my fear
of intimacy and hatred of sex; blown
out of the water... wait. What? The
possibility exists that I might get
intimate with another human being
and I'm not sickened and terrified?
Not really. Maybe a little bit, but not
as much as I would have thought.
What's the difference? Well, she's not
a fucking liar and she can tell me what
she feels about stuff. Amazing. Maybe
I'm actually attracted to a healthy,
normal human being for once. I just
have to be really careful not to
get attached, because there's no
way something that seems this
good could possibly end well for
me. I mean, for crap's sake, she
even likes the same music I do.
Why am I even trying? Why
take a risk? Why
attempt to find
happiness?

Why haven't
I learned
yet?

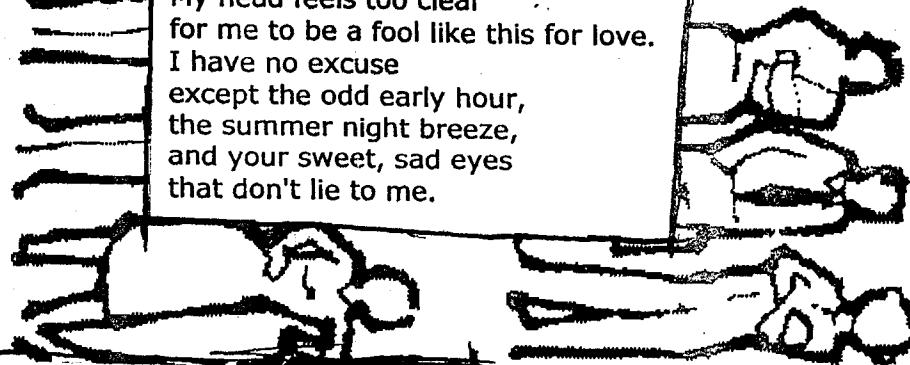


8

Love Stinks

What am I doing?! Where are my robot pills that will allow me to function smoothly and not notice how sexy all my friends are or how much I want to run my fingers down someone's spine? I thought that being able to feel and love and hurt were good things - signs that I'm a human being in full alive standing - but I'm beginning to think that I would be better off if having interpersonal relationships didn't matter to me. I was just starting to get to a good place in my head regarding my self worth and the things that are actually important to me and then an unbelievably hot, extremely nice, totally interesting woman was like "hey, I like you" and that was the end of that. All my well-laid plans of celibacy until spring shot to shit. All my good intentions of finding myself and fixing my

My head feels too clear
for me to be a fool like this for love.
I have no excuse
except the odd early hour,
the summer night breeze,
and your sweet, sad eyes
that don't lie to me.



I'm looking for a cowboy
to be my broken heart's education.
I want a no-nonsense librarian
to read me bedtime stories without happy endings.
I need a faggot James Dean
to posture and pose, strut cocksure for the first time with me.
I've got a painter
to throw the absolute best party and kiss me topless in the pool.
I'm trying to find a traveler
with a tattoo that matches mine and a wicked sense of humor.



Sad friends make the best companions:
they can lean their heartaches against mine
and we can carry each other home.
We compare our lives,
holding our tattered hearts up to the light,
matching the stitched-together seams
and telling the stories of the places we've been.
We're the saddest kids you've ever seen.



STAND UP!

YOU'RE RIGHT! THIS IS A CRUCIAL
TIME. WE CAN'T AFFORD TO BE
PASSIVE SPECTATORS - IF WE SIT
BACK AND LET THEM GET AWAY
WITH THIS... ONE DAY WE WILL
WAKE UP TO FIND OUR FREEDOM

MAS PASSED
AWAY LIKE
A DREAM!



FIGHT BACK!



⑤

I am surrounded by amazing women. This is the first time in my life that I've been in a community of women who care about each other and take care of one another. I'm unlearning the patriarchal programming that pits women against each other and forming deep bonds with women. I'm learning about sisterhood and solidarity. I'm also learning about pain and trust and fear and friendship. I'm learning more about communication than I ever thought I would. I am constantly amazed by women's strength, depth, and courage. I am amazed by women's resilience. I am amazed that nearly every woman I know has been abused, beaten, raped, or molested and that they can still fight - that WE ALL can still fight. And I am amazed at how much we can still love each other. I will put my life on the line to protect the women I love, and I will fight till I die for all women everywhere until everyone is free.

⑥

⑥